



And some there are that are so old,
To swear that I must trust,
When once my drink they have they think
That then before we must :
From such the Court of common Law ,
What ere their Wives incur
Shall make their Asle to lye in Straw
Their Bedding is all my due.

My Husband must not Plow of Carr,
Or work like other Men :
My Children must not learn the art
To either Card or Spin?
My Tapster must lide fine and brade
For he of one make two
And many a Goat say me he save
'Tis nothing &c.

But I must have another way
Our livings for get,
And when you hear I'm sure you'll say
'Tis nothing but what is fit :
If Tap should say root go the Tail
The Proverb old is true,
It half a piece come to my Flace
'Tis nothing &c.

Perhaps our Husbands would repine,
If they of this should know.
And think our little Babes i shine
Were got in Cuckolds Row
You know their gains come by the pains
Of only me and you,
They must not scorn to wear the horn
'Tis nothing &c.

Come Neighbours drink with one consent
A lusty Bowl of Wine
'Twill break our Hearts of discontent
And make our Poles shine :
Each took the Cup and drank it up
And swore they'd spoken true
And vow'd to have the 'other Sup
Before they bid her adieu.

Then I that heard the Verdict pass,
How this base cheating Crew,
Consented all both first and last
To make make poor Drunkards Rut :
I took my Pen and writ this Song
And to the Drunkards send it
That they with me may strive to see
Their wicked Life and mend it.